The PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

AUGUST 1944

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Contributed by Readers of THE PULPIT

'Unto the Hills'

One day last summer, when writing to the boys in the service, I asked them to tell me what Scripture selections they had found especially illuminating and helpful. Many of the boys replied. One of them wrote: "There is one Psalm I usually read before 'lights out.' It is the 21st Psalm. I found it one night and it seemed to say just what I was thinking. It was a source of great encouragement at times when things seemed to go wrong at the training station." Another said: "There is a phrase that keeps running through my mind. It is, 'I lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . . ' I have always taken it quite literally and have always received an uplift when I looked at the hills and thought of that passage." This young man was called home to our city three weeks ago to lay to rest his young wife who had died suddenly. When I met him almost his first words were, "I am lifting up my eyes unto the hills . . . my help comes from the Lord."—*Gordon W. Mattice, Westminster Church, Rochester, N. Y.*

Save the Weak Seedlings

Van Wyck Brooks, in his book *The Opinions of Oliver Allston,* has this sentence: "A certain seed catalogue says that if you wish to develop new and beautiful varieties, you must save the weak seedlings. The strongest seedlings are pretty certain to run true to type." That is true in both horticulture and religion. And this sad old world of ours would not be so sad if men took it to heart.

Jesus, in his recital of the Lost Sheep, forever glorified weak seedlings: "What man among you, if he has a hundred sheep, does not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go in search of the one that is lost, until he finds it? And when he finds it, he puts it on his shoulders with joy; and when he reaches home he calls in his friends and neighbors, and says to them, 'Congratulate me, for I have found my lost sheep.' "

If this story were not in the New Testament and attributed to Jesus, no man would be silly enough to bother with it for one second. It is, on the surface, nonsensical. Science doesn't believe it for one moment. One of the most commonly accepted scientific theories is the survival of the fittest. Philosophy doesn't believe it. The ideal state, according to the philosopher, is that in which the philosopher, the learned man, rules. The weak are but an incumbrance. Nazi theory doesn't believe it, either. Hitler wouldn't bother warning the German people not to read Jesus' parable of the Lost Sheep. Have they not been brought up on Nietzche and the cult of the superman! Nor does secularism believe it. The secular watchwords are "The devil take the hindmost" and "A chain is as strong as its weakest link."

But Jesus had more than worldly wisdom. He was not minimizing goodness and faithfulness, but thinking and speaking from the viewpoint of the lost sheep, the weak member, when he spoke of the rejoicing in heaven over the sinner that repenteth.—*John N. Feaster, Hammond Street Congregational Church, Bangor, Maine.*

How God Forgives through His Church

In the little city of Winchester, Va., there is a story of love and forgiveness that ought to be written by some master hand into a great Christian classic. Years ago a bright and lovable boy, Charles Broadway Rousse, son of a poor working woman, his father dead, grew up there, went to Sunday school, sang in the choir, and was a useful member in that little church of poor and inconspicuous people. By and by the boy fell in with evil associates and was implicated in a crime. There being no reform schools then, he was sent to the penitentiary. After he had been in prison awhile the members of that church got up a petition to the governor, had the boy pardoned, and they went and brought him home. On their arrival home they went directly to the little church where all the congregation had gathered. And there, in the presence of all the people, exercising the divine function that has been committed unto the church, they forgave his sins. They said to him: "We want you to come right back into the church and take your place in the Sunday school and the choir. The past is blotted out, forgiven and forgotten, and is as though it had never been." Then, one by one, all the members of the church took him by the hand, personally ratifying the action of the church, and expressing their confidence.

After a while the boy's genius woke up and he went away to New York city and embarked upon a business career. Later on he became one of the greatest merchant princes in America. But he could never forget the people who had forgiven and saved him. He hunted up the graves of those who had forgiven him and built monuments to them, and showed kindness unto their children. He gave to the city a water, light and sewerage system; gave a beautiful cemetery, a great free library, and benefactions of every kind. On the spot where that little church stood he erected one of the most beautiful churches on this continent, and over the threshold he had carved these words: "To the Divine Love That Lives in the Heart of Men."—From *Sermons in the Sanctuary, by L. O. Bricker.*

In What Do We Put Our Trust ?

In April 1912 the great Titanic left Liverpool, England, for New York. It was her maiden voyage and the mighty ship made headlines in practically every paper as the finest, the strongest and the fastest ship in the world. Liverpool saw her lift anchor amid a colorful and thundering celebration. Hundreds of people bought their tickets early that they might make the first voyage of the "Queen of the Seas." But in a few days the gala festivities on the ship were suddenly transformed into a funeral dirge; for the mighty Titanic had struck an iceberg and soon lay at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, and hundreds of lives that trusted in the Titanic went down with her. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses" and others in mighty tanks and heavy bombs and masses of soldiery. But David said, "We will remember the name of the Lord our God." "In God we trust."—*Louis J. Kover, First Presbyterian Church, Hannibal, Mo.*

Five Soldiers Make a Vow

The vital, dynamic principle which stems out of the heart of Christ and his love for all mankind will not be chained down. Once again the world is convulsed in struggle, and out of it all a new and vital faith will sweep across the souls of men. As that faith gets hold of the hearts of our youth, a thousand hateful prejudices that have marred the life of our warring world will be swept away. If you do not believe it, listen to a few sentences from

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25 Cents a Copy Entered as second-class matter May 14, 1942, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Two Dollars a Year

The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME XV CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1944 NUMBER 8

What Is Progress?

BY W. F. MANSELL

Wherefore . . . work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. Philippians 2:12, 13.

THE AGE in which we live has been spoken of as the age of progress. The scientific discoveries of the past fifty years have so revolutionized our way of living, made so many things easier and more pleasant, and opened up vistas of even greater possibilities in the future, that we are prone to accept as an established fact that all is in a state of progress and that we are being borne on a high tide of ever increasing achievement and success which will eventually lead to a way of utopian life.

But the purpose of this message is to show that the only progress in this world worthy of the name is the progress of the individual soul away from the bondage of sin, unto God, through the finished work of Jesus the Christ in his behalf.

In no realm of scientific endeavor has there been more progress than in the field of surgery and medicine. Beginning with aseptic surgery under Lister and down to the startling and brilliant results in the use of the sulfonilamide drugs, the achievements have been marvelous. But while these have meant the lengthening of the span of life, the alleviation of suffering and hope and physical strength to many who in past generations were doomed to immediate or lingering death, the fact remains that these discoveries do not and never will touch the heart of the problem, the cause of death, which is alienation from God within the heart.

The only real progress for the world—which is to say, for man within the world—is the progress which he makes toward God, of whom Christ is the expression. Within the heart of man there is a natural desire to proceed away from God, which is the antithesis of genuine progress. Thus, in this day when we are absorbed in a conflict the result of which we trust will be progress, we must return to a consideration of that which will secure unto us life with God. This life with God must of necessity be the day-by-day life which we live in God's world, which if lived for his glory will create abiding, lasting progress for our world. That we may learn how to achieve this kind of progress, let us open our hearts and minds to this instructive word from the apostle Paul: "Wherefore . . . work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

The apostle Paul, the great theologian, is a practical mystic; he does not leave his mysticism in the clouds, but applies it to the problem at hand. Having just written a marvelous passage on the humiliation and exaltation of Jesus Christ, scaling the heights of Christ's equality with God, and sounding the depths of the life of Christ upon earth, Paul now brings his reader to earth again, applying this truth to him. For Paul says: "This declaration concerning Christ being truth, therefore ye are to work out your own salvation . . . " As the believer has the example of Christ's humiliation to guide him, and Christ's exaltation to encourage him, he must now proceed—that is, make progress—in his upward and onward march toward God, the practical expression of which is to be made in the establishing of God's Kingdom upon earth.

The apostle says: "Think of Christ. Think of what he was originally in glory, and think of what he became, of what he did, and of what he suffered. And let the mind which was in him be in you also. Leaving his eternal glory, he took the form of a creature, humbled himself, became obedient unto death. But from that lowest depth of humiliation God exalted him, giving him a name above every name, a name in which every created being shall worship and which every tongue shall confess."

"Wherefore"—seeing that these things are so, on the basis of that divine work, wrought by Christ in his humiliation and exaltation, by means of which the believer possesses this new life, those in Philippi, and we in turn, are enjoined to participate in the nature and the character of God, as we seek to bring to perfection this divine work.

From this text, delineating to us the meaning of true progress for man in this world, which leads unto God, we gather that (1) Salvation is a personal matter. (2) It is to be wrought out by man to whom it is a personal possession. (3) It is a divine work.

I

One of the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament is that salvation is a free gift, due only to the grace of God. Thus, it is a personal thing, which when received becomes one's possession. It is universal but it is likewise personal.

The same is true of the air which surrounds us, and in which we live. It is universal. It wraps the whole world with miles of its thickness. There is enough pure air for millions more than tread the earth today. But unless every individual pair of lungs draws from its never failing supply, it might as well be a vacuum. For example: we rescue a drowning man. He is laid upon

the bank. We know how to render first aid, and we proceed to induce artificial respiration. "What is wrong?" someone asks. "The man cannot breathe," we answer. "Why, isn't there enough air?" he asks. "Yes," we reply, "plenty of air, miles of air, fresh, pure, life-giving oxygen, an abundance and to spare. But unless he can be made to draw upon it, his life will be only a vanishing spark."

So with this salvation of which the apostle speaks. It is as plenteous and as free as air. It encircles us like the atmosphere. It whispers, it woos and waits, it feels around the door of the heart and longs for an entrance —but it must become personally received, experienced and possessed, else its universality will count for nought.

Kipling has put it thus: "For the race is run by one and one, and never by two and two." This injunction, delivered by Paul to the Philippians, and to us, concerns not the universal salvation, but man's personal salvation, which, when experienced, becomes man's inalienable possession, by means of which he makes eternal progress on and on through God's world unto God's eternal home.

II

But salvation is to be wrought out by man, to whom it is a personal possession. As a man works this out, it is intended that he make sure of it, carry it into effect, and bring it to complete fruition.

The Christian has been saved, is being saved, and shall be saved. The Ephesians already had been saved by grace. The Corinthians were being saved by means of the gospel. The Philippians had still to go on working out their salvation. And yet no difference is placed between the spiritual advancement of the three congregations. Of the three, perhaps the Philippians were in the most advanced condition. And yet they are charged to work out their salvation—and that with fear and trembling.

Individually, men are to weave into the fabrics of their lives, as they grow with the years, the pattern which God has given to them. We are each to work it out, perfect it, as the skilled workman may work out in wood or metal the idea which lies already formed in his mind. We are not to work for life, for we who have believed already possess that, but we are to participate more fully and perfectly in the divine life.

Here is the case of a slave emancipated by his master, given his full liberty at once; and then directed, both for the sake of gratitude to his liberator and for the sake of his own self-development, to prove himself worthy of freedom. He, too, is now to work out his liberty: not, however, in the sense of procuring it through his effort, but in the sense of bringing out that which is in it, of using it well, of applying himself so as to enjoy his new privileges. He must now make it his own, and give expression to these also, the blessings and the prerogatives of freedom. Legally free, he is to work out a freeman's life, that he may proceed onward to likeness unto a free man.

It. As Christ has secured unto us who believe, emancipation, so that we stand before him as freemen, no longer under wrath nor condemnation, but possessing the true liberty of the sons of God, we are to work it out to its consummation. Having it legally, we are to work it out practically. Having it in the germ, we are to work it out in our lives, as day by day we make our progress in likeness unto Christ our Lord. Thus it is that we will proceed in blessing the world.

A little seed, says an old fable, began suddenly to give signs of life, and it shot up through the hard crust of the earth, rejoicing in the pleasant sunshine, crying aloud in its joy: "Am I not a tree?" But a voice came floating by, which said: "The wind shall rock thee, and great storms tear thy very roots, and the winter's frost shall bite thee, and many winters and summers pass over thee as the years roll along, ere thou canst call thyself a tree." That is a fable, but not without application. For it is not enough that we feel called to a higher and a better life, and that we perhaps suddenly burst the bonds that hold us to the past, as we rejoice in the everlasting love of God. There must be patient growth and development of character—working out your own salvation, and bringing the divine work to fruition.

III

Says the text, "It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." The prerequisite for man's work is that God has done his prior work, and before man can participate in the character of God as he strives to work out his own salvation to its final consummation, God must be working in and with him.

In other words, two powers are at work, and the error lies in separating them. The two parts of the text, if taken separately, lead to error. You work; God works. The truth lies in the synthesis of the two: You work, for God works. It is God who energizes in you and in me the impulse and the energy to carry out the impulse. For his spirit broods over us, and energizes us to grow and to work out to completion what God has already worked in us.

Some people have the ability to do great things, but have not the disposition. Others may have the disposition, but not the ability. In this work of salvation, God gives both the disposition and the power. The desire for salvation, the disposition to seek it, and the ability to persevere in it all come to man from God.

Here then is a basic difference between Christianity and the great religions of the East—such as Hinduism and Buddhism, which lay all the stress upon the human will. The keynote of those systems is, "work out your own salvation." They maintain that the power that saves is of oneself, and the virtue that delivers is of one's own merit.

But we believe that our salvation is of God, who worketh in us both to will and to do. He makes us willing, and gives us power to receive and experience and make salvation our own personal possession, and then to surrender ourselves to him so that we may work this possession of ours out to its final end. Therefore, because God has begun a good work in us, and because he continues to work within us, we may work also. Because he works in us, we must work it to its

final fruition. Man can do nothing without God, and God will do nothing without the willing cooperation of man. And therein is a challenge for both the believer and the unbeliever.

A baffled and perplexed world today is looking for men and women who are strong and courageous, who are willing to do and to dare. The church in the midst of a cruel, turbulent world is looking for men of God who will no longer be passive, indifferent and neutral, but who will rise in vindication of their salvation, as they show to the world the progress which they are making upward, for the glory of God and the welfare of a diseased world.

Redeemed ones, we call ourselves. But can we ever be certain of the crown of victory unless we actively persevere in the race unto the end? Fidelity to his cause; loyalty to his church; active participancy in the work of his Kingdom; militant, uncompromising, aggressive action for him in a troubled and iniquitous world—that is what our Lord is calling us to do, as we bring to a final consummation his glorious work within us.

Rise up, O men of God, have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind and strength to serve the King of Kings.

But not to believers only is the exhortation given, but also to those who have never experienced this divine work of salvation. Will you not allow God, who worketh in you to will and to do, to arouse you to make a decision firm and prompt, as to the things of your eternal destiny? Come unto your God and in Christ receive the benefits of divine grace that you, with us, may march on the road of true progress to the heavenly home, as we diligently repair the breaches in our present troubled order.

God grant us grace to accept this word of divine appointment.

FIFTEEN million children and young people in the United States and Canada are today growing up without regular religious instruction. Christian character is absolutely indispensable to a free democratic society. We are winning this war, but in winning it we can easily lose our freedom if our children and youth continue to live in a nation where the very basic truths of morality and religion are no longer taught to all, but to only one-half. In my judgment, it is most important that all children and young people, as well as adults, add to the traditional public schools, "three R's" a fourth "R", namely, Religion.

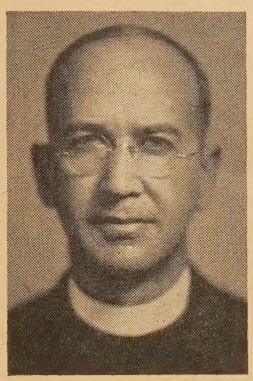
JAMES L. KRAFT,
Acting President International
Council of Religious Education.

THIS war is not to be regarded as an isolated evil detached from the general condition of Western civilization during the last period. Rather it is to be seen as one symptom of a widespread disease and maladjustment resulting from loss of conviction concerning the reality and character of God, and the true nature and destiny of man. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Of What May We Be Sure?

BY JOHN C. EVANS

INSECURITY and uncertainty are mankind's heaviest burdens. It seems at times that nothing is secure; nothing is certain. But we want these things. If we could be sure of just a few certainties we feel that our happiness would be vastly enhanced. So we seek certainties. Such quests probably lie beneath most of our activity; they are the foundations of nearly all human enterprise. But of what is it possible to be absolutely certain? The old answer is "Death and Taxes," but we know that answer is merely facetious and our quests go on—knowing well that sure things are bound to be few at best.



Shallow visions of many certainties lead only to despair. They scan the desert wastes of the world, successively seeing reality in each new mirage. Such shallowness is disastrous and often leads to the escape of an unbalanced mind which frequently is unconsciously desired. Our state hospitals are full of persons who are sure of great possessions. Kings, princes, potentates are there. High status may always be secure in madness.

THE 'CERTAINTY' OF DESCARTES

But where, outside the world of such self-delusion, are we to find a certainty or two that can really be desired and worked for? Descartes, the French philosopher, was the first modern thinker who began with himself. Implicitly he asked, Can I be sure of myself? His answer is famous: "I think, therefore I am." Descartes became sure of himself, and his certainty was based on his ability to think. I am inclined to think him partially right. We *can* be somewhat sure of ourselves, especially when we think.

We can be sure of ourselves, provided only that our environment does not shift too suddenly. Just what would happen to us and what we would become if our environments were quickly shifted, is for most of us unknown. War is one of the greatest shifters of environment. Some rise to its tests and sacrifices, even to bidding those dearest to us a brave farewell, with magnificence; others merely maintain appearances in a world for them gone dead.

Perhaps your inner look at yourselves, as you sit here in this church, has run ahead of the sermon. "It is certain," you may say to yourself, "that I am here in this beautiful church; there is not a shadow of doubt about that!" But the preacher is not too sure of it. It appears that you are here, and he would say that you are here, but it may be that you are really far from this church, engrossed in a business problem or reliving pleasant hours with companions. Others will

depart, save for their bodies, before this service is ended to attend to some prospective duty.

You appear to be here, but of that who may be sure? It may be that you merely are represented by a usual or even an unusual number of pounds of human flesh. But that is not you. Body and flesh remain in the pews, but some will yearn back to childhood joys; hear the carols from mothers' lips, watch beloved eyes close in that last sleep; travel in distant lands; watch the courses of the stars; contemplete the rush and roar of the surf on a rocky coast; climb mountain tops and see lavish scenes as earth runs toward the horizon in the distant haze; or travel on wings of poetic imagination with scientist or historian as an unknown guest.

This congregation could apprehend the universe and fill it, and yet still appear to remain here in worship. Or a congregation might be found which, in smallness of vision and faith, would contract itself within its members' dying bodies—no outreach greater than themselves: their one sure possession long lost because vision could go no farther than discovery of their flesh.

SELFHOOD NOT A TRUE TEST OF LIFE

"He who seeks to save his own life will lose it," and he who would find life must find other certainties than that of Descartes in the discovery of himself. Selfhood with no other certainty is death.

As I thought on this theme one day, a man I know well was exuberantly saying that he was thankful to be alive. I remember wondering if he might not be mistaken. He could be wrong if his exuberance ended there; because if the self is a certainty, then it would follow that life also is a certainty. But my conclusion confused the view that there is an exceedingly subtle distinction between life and death.

If you argue that you live because you expect soon to enjoy your Sunday dinner, or that you are alive because you see, feel, hear, move or display evidences of response, the answer might be that these same things, in themselves, might lead to the opposite conclusion—that you really are not alive at all, or that you have something far less than life in abundance.

Life is more than motion and response. Machines can give a better account of what lies in your vision than your eyes; can record sounds more faithfully than your ears, and it is now not at all unreasonable that Descartes' thinking some time may be accomplished by machinery, thus blotting him out of his own book of life.

Pure reason, in itself, may sometime be demonstrated to be a mechanical process. Logic and mathematics are close kin, and even now some of our most intricate mathematical processes are done by machines. Machines are dead, and yet we often like to assert that because we can do fairly well what machines are able to do much better, we are alive! At best, those of us who are trying to live that way represent a pretty low grade form of life. Even cattle and pigs do a better job of living than that!

If we seek to prove the certainty of our life because we possess senses of taste, sight, touch, smell and hearing, and because we seek to have more things at our command on which to spend our sensory faculties, we stultify ourselves. These things may be proof of death.

Cells of animal tissue have been created in the bio-chemical laboratory that almost live. If you ask the scientist why they do not live, he has only one answer, "They are not fit to live." Life is more than sensitiveness to environment; is more than a bio-chemical creation! "Poke a stick at it and it will growl," is not the sort of life of which we may either be proud or sure. "It will rend you to bits if you seize its food," is life that is not convincing, but it is the cause of all wars.

"In the midst of life we are in death," was the exclamation of St. Paul as he began to take hold of the certainty of his own life within him.

A LEAP OF FAITH

Now what about life? Can we be sure of it? Some scholars tell us no. But the burden of proof of their position is very heavy, and it is getting heavier. These thinkers are constantly coming up against phenomena which transcend the mechanics on which their theories are based. These unexplained things exist above machinery, above the senses.

It is just here that the Christian may begin to find his basic sureties. If life is sure it must be known through something above the senses and above the machinery of existence. Our sureness depends upon something which transcends our reason and our thinking. It is that for which we must make the leap of faith—lose our life to find it. But in these devastating days we are often too busy to find the faith that leads even to certainty of ourselves. Most of us today are too busy playing with our senses—and proving that we are dead.

Some of us—I hope all—one day may come to be sure of life. But the cost of true life is dear! So we seek the easier way. We seek not to "enter the gate of the sheepfold," but, as the Savior warned, seek other entrance to become "thieves and robbers."

One easier path is "to accomplish something in life." We try to do something for the sake of doing something, and then base our proof of life on the accomplishment. The poet missed on this point. Said he:

> Fading away like stars in the morning,
> Losing their light in the noonday sun,
> Thus we pass from earth and its toiling
> Only remembered by what we have done.

The untruth of this verse is beautifully clad, as many lies are. This poet was writing an epitaph over the kind of world in which he tried to live.

WHAT YOU ARE, NOT WHAT YOU DO

Man does not live by what he does; he lives by what, through faith, he is. What we do is of next importance, but what we are is all-important. Who you are vanishes when what you are appears. Our Lord did not consult "Who's Who" when he called his disciples. He saw what Simon Peter was—a Rock—the flint of faith.

Who Christ was does not much matter. What Christ is, is all that matters. All the words recording what he said can be read in thirty minutes, and there

is not a single social institution ascribed to his personal founding. He was not a member of a single board of trustees of school or hospital. He, personally, founded not a single philanthropy.

Who Christ was is lost; forgotten as quickly as we are forgotten. But what Christ is, is slowly making human history. His story!

Emerson caught this distinction. "What you are," he said, "speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." The great question is: "What are you—a thing or a person?"

THE TRUE MEN OF DESTINY

It is only in quiet hours of meditation that this question may be answered, although who you are, or who I am, may be shouted from the housetops. The history of the modern world is being made by men unknown whose lives are lived in solitude and sacrifice, whose names are recorded in the book of life but never were seen in a newspaper; and not by the so-called men of action.

How our popular heroes of action strut the stage, and how we love them! We adore the commanders of the fleets, the masters of the assemblies, the organizers of the parades, the social engineers, the raucous programatists and the makers of phrases and coiners of slogans! "Forgive our foolish ways."

But these men do not and cannot lead the world, much as they seem to do so. The real men of destiny are men who first found what they are, as Moses did while tending his father's flocks, or perhaps—but who knows yet?—as Gandhi did in his fastings.

Who are they? They are the men of the line of Abraham, Moses and the prophets—but who they are does not much matter. They are men who possess nothing more than we may possess if we choose to follow their way. But they are men of certainty. They not only may be said to possess certainty; they themselves *are* certainty—freed by the truth which one day each of us may become; not that truth learned by schoolboys from books, or by scientists from test tubes, but the truth our Lord knew himself to be when he said, "I am the Truth!"

Man can do more than achieve a sense of certainty. He may *become* certainty.

THE DIVINITY OF PERSONHOOD

Are there other things of similar sureness? Yes! Our choice to choose between life and death. And if we choose life, then another certainty must necessarily ensue. It is the certainty of others—other-self.

Mechanical law may govern machines, but machines cannot account for those interrelationships and recognitions which are found only when the divinity of personhood is involved. If selfhood and its certainty remained alone with myself, then I am alone; I am the universe. When I pass on, then the universe also goes with me. The universe then is nothing, save perhaps a ghostly fantasy.

But I am not alone. I feel the presence of you who listen. You are here and I sense your presence now. We need, you and I, more friendship and greater affection. We need, you and I, a quicker response to things of beauty. Each of us rejoices when we make such responses as machines cannot make. Truth leads us. Each of us knows the sound of its voice, and goodness comes more and more into power over us. It is through these things—beauty, goodness and truth—that we begin to live. These things we may become.

BETWEEN BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY

As Christians we constantly stand at some point between a lowly manger and an atoning sacrifice. These are not two things but the two faces of the same thing—the two sides of a coin. It is the coming Calvary that completes the love born for us at Bethlehem. It is the love able to redeem us that carries us into the certainty of self, life, others, on to the Easter of eternal life where the last certainty will be found—God himself! For, at last,

> I must have God! This life's too dull without,
> Too dull for aught but suicide. What's man
> To live for else? I'd drink myself blind drunk
> And see blue snakes if I could not look up,
> To see blue skies, and hear God speaking through
> The silence of the stars. How is it proved?
> How can you prove a victory before
> It's won? How can you prove a man who leads
> To be a leader worth the following,
> Unless you follow to the death, and out
> Beyond mere death, which is not anything
> But Satan's lie upon eternal life.
> Well, God's my leader, and I hold that he
> Is good and strong enough to work His plan
> And purpose out to its appointed end.
> I am no fool, I have my reasons for this
> Faith, but they are not the reasonings,
> The coldly calculated formulae
> Of thought divorced from feeling. They are true,
> Too true for that. There's no such thing as thought
> Which does not feel, if it be real thought
> And not thought's ghost—all pale and sicklied o'er
> With dead conventions—abstract truth—man's lie
> Upon this living, loving, suffering Truth
> That pleads and pulses in my very veins,
> The blue blood of all beauty, and the breath
> Of Life itself.
>
> (G. A. Studdert-Kennedy)

Of what may we be sure? If we choose them, we can find that self, life, other-self, God are our only certainties. These are enough!

The Value of Missions

On my recent trip, I saw at first hand a multitude of concrete instances which convinced me of the value of foreign missions both to the lands they serve and to the cause of good will for America. Everywhere I went I found American colleges, schools, hospitals and churches, many of them supported by the churches of this land. I found American missionaries, men and women, exerting a leadership—a human and personal leadership—which I have no hesitation in characterizing as vital to the future hopes, not alone of other nations, but of our own United States.

Wendell L. Willkie.

The Sharp Edges of Life

By Karl Rest

It is good for me that I have been afflicted. Psalm 119:71.

"MEN can counsel and speak comfort to that grief which they themselves [do] not feel," said Shakespeare. But if they are plunged into affliction the matter takes on another hue, for they soon learn that one cannot "patch grief with proverbs." To bear another's toothache is not an exceptionally painful experience, but to feel the aching throb in one's own tooth is another matter. "There was never yet philosopher," said Shakespeare, "that could endure the toothache patiently."

The psalmist is not a philosopher, speaking unctuous words of comfort to people in their affliction. He is a man of God, testifying to the comfort he has received in his affliction. As he is not giving counsel to others but is speaking for himself, his utterance rings true. His words do not have the frosty touch of an ivory tower, far removed from the grim struggle of life: they have the warmth generated by the fires of affliction which, though they burned intensely, were not able to consume his spirit. Speaking without regret, he testifies to the blessing of his own affliction: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

WHEN SUFFERING BECOMES BENEVOLENT

It is strange that the very affliction which threatens our existence may be so transformed that it undergirds our existence, giving a deep meaning and content to our lives which could be obtained in no other way. So it was for Dr. Edward L. Trudeau. As a young physician just established in his profession, he was afflicted with tuberculosis. Forced to give up his practice, he went to the Adirondack mountains. Regaining his health, he devoted his life to aiding others similarly afflicted. The suffering he endured was not an unmitigated evil but a source of profound blessing. "The struggle with tuberculosis has brought me experiences," said Dr. Trudeau, "which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies." His verdict confirms the experience of the psalmist: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

In what way may affliction be regarded as good? How is it possible for suffering to be transformed from a malevolent to a benevolent factor in life? The psalmist found that his suffering brought him close to God, placed his feet upon the way of God, and set his mind upon searching out the ordinances of God. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," said the psalmist: therefore, "It is good that I have been afflicted, that I may learn the statutes." Though affliction is a heavy price to pay for knowledge of God, it is worth it, for through such knowledge man is drawn closer to God than ever before.

Yet the knowledge gained through suffering is not automatic. Suffering of itself does not always issue in deepening the understanding, nor does suffering invariably ennoble the spirit. It may, and ofttimes does, bewilder the mind and embitter the spirit. A young theological student, told by his physician that he must undergo a major operation, welcomed the announcement. Now, he thought, he would have an opportunity to distill some essence of wisdom through a first-hand experience of suffering and gain invaluable preaching materials. Reporting on his experience afterwards, he ruefully stated that he had learned nothing from his suffering. His misery was so intense that he was not in any mood for philosophizing.

LEARNING FROM CROSSES

Intense suffering, however, is not withdrawn from the realm of deeper meanings. It too has yielded beneficent fruit when the heart is set in that direction from whence all help comes. The sufferings Jesus endured upon the cross have sustained many in their agony, as they looked beyond their own distress unto the Lord who was made perfect through suffering. This was the experience of Adolphe Monod, a great Protestant cleric of France. Suffering from a particularly virulent type of cancer, his agony was so great at times that he could not contain himself and cried aloud in pain. However, through his suffering he was able to enter into the mystery of Christ's suffering. In his distress Monod gasped: "The Cross! The Cross! O Christ, through pain I reach the mystery of Thy Cross! I am in Gethsemane at night, in Golgotha at morning-tide, on Calvary at noon, but the remembrance of Thy Cross sustains me, O my Savior!" Does not this confession reinforce the insight of the psalmist? "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

The Christians in the apostolic age suffered grievous persecution. But they did not regard it as strange or inexplicable. Rather such affliction was to be expected, as Christ "suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps." The pain suffered in behalf of Christ opened the door by which they entered into the "fellowship of his sufferings." They deemed it a high privilege "not only to believe on him, but also to suffer in his behalf." They gloried that they were "counted worthy to suffer for the Name." They lived in the full assurance that if "we suffer with him . . . we may also be glorified with him." Would not these early Christians, collectively and individually, join in with the swelling chorus? "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

THEY SANG OUT OF SORROW

Percy Bysshe Shelley said that the poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." If we browse through our hymnal, we notice that many of the hymns refer to pain and suffering, affliction and distress. Yet these experiences are not sources of lamentation, but

deep springs of satisfaction, for these stubborn and recalcitrant factors of existence have been overcome by a resurging faith. George Matheson, author of the hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," was not a stranger to affliction. He faced life with a serious handicap: blindness. Out of the deep agony of his heart there arose the triumphant song to his lips:

O Joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Living in the storm-swept era of the Thirty Years' War, Martin Rinkart raised his voice in a song of thanksgiving, "Now Thank We All Our God." The confidence that all things are in the hands of God had overcome the anguish of his soul.

Though robust in body and soul, Martin Luther was subjected to staggering tumults within and without so that at times he hardly knew how he could bear up under the strain. Yet he found an unfailing source of strength. He drew near unto the Lord, who turned sorrow into joy, transformed suffering into blessing, snatched victory out of defeat and brought life out of death. Listen again to that stalwart and heartening song of faith:

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

What George Matheson, Martin Rinkart and Martin Luther learned in suffering, they taught us in song. Would not each one of them join in the refrain of the psalmist? "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

LEARNING FROM CRITICISM

Some of the deepest afflictions are caused not by the reversal of fortune nor by physical suffering, but by the mistreatment undergone through the malice of others. There are the insults and insinuations which cut more deeply than the knife. There are the unjust criticisms which wound more deeply than a severe burn. There are the frank statements made by people who pride themselves upon their honesty, but in reality are dishonest, for they are prompted not by the love of truth but by spite, which invariably distorts their vision. What can we make of such afflictions? Can they ever be mastered to the extent that we may say they were good for us?

The experience of Henry M. Stanley is a case in point. After he had found David Livingstone in the heart of equatorial Africa, Stanley returned home, bearing letters from the distinguished missionary. Stanley's story of his encounter with Livingstone received little credence in some quarters. He was denounced as an impostor and his letters from Livingstone were branded as forgeries. Under these severe castigations, life became extremely uncomfortable for Stanley. Yet he was able to distill some good from this bitter and painful experience: it made him more charitable in his judgment of others. Stanley said: "It is the one good extracted from my persecution that, ever since, I have been able to restrain myself from undertaking to pass sentence on another whom I do not know. . . . This change in me was not immediate. The vice of reckless, unthinking utterance was not to be suddenly extirpated." Gaining a sympathetic insight into the plight of others through his own painful experience, the explorer added his voice to the chorus of those who sing, "It is good for me to have been afflicted."

A CASE FOR COMPASSION

Everyone in a position of leadership, it seems, must soon or late suffer the sharp bite of poisonous arrows shot by some hypersensitive critic or crank. Much as these cranks are disliked, they cannot be effectively quarantined. If you do not find one of them in every group, then you find two. And they can make life exceedingly painful. To bear such affliction nobly may tax faith to the utmost.

David Smith, whose long and varied career within the church brought him into contact with many such unpleasant cranks, once said that the crank "is in sore need of sympathy and compassion." If we knew all the attending circumstances that warped the mind of the crank, Dr. Smith contended, we would not attack him, for that would be like striking a wounded animal who was desperately in need of solicitous care. The predicament of the people described by Ferenczi may well be the plight of many cranks. "They want to love their neighbors," said this great psychoanalyst, "but they don't know how!" Never having received love, they cannot give love. They have become hard and cold, relentless and loveless in their attitude to life. This attitude, in turn, has further isolated them from others. Though they are in the crowd, they are not part of the fellowship.

LOVE FOR THE LOVELESS

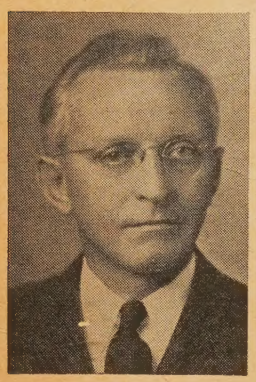
Cannot that loveless bond be broken through the overture of love? It is true, they do not deserve love, but is not that love most Godlike which reaches out to the loveless? Shall we not love as well as "pray for them that despitefully use you"? The love which "endureth all things" and "beareth all things" is the love which is able to melt the cold heart of the loveless crank. If love can transform an ertswhile enemy into a friend, then that experience belongs to the most cherished moments of life. In the flush of that victory in which new friendship of understanding has been established, you feel you have grown in spirit through the very distress you suffered. You will be in a position to add your voice to the chorus triumphant and thankfully and joyfully proclaim, "It is good that I have been afflicted."

Waiting For the Funeral

By Martin Schroeder

And Jesus said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Luke 9:59.

ON TRIAL is everyone today who bows at the name of Jesus. A conflict of two worlds takes place in his soul. The one that is real within him, governed by the Nazarene; and the other, which provides him with a place to live. He owes something to both, and there is the conflict and the trial. How much of that one possession, his soul, may be given to either world without cheating the other? That problem meets us day by day as conflicting claims press the question, What *shall* a Christian do?



It was the question which confronted the young man in our text when he felt the attraction of the Master who invited him—"Follow me." Yes, he would; he was all for him. But, on second thought, not now. He had obligations to his father that could not be dismissed so quickly. His funeral had to be a thing of the past before he could "preach the kingdom," as Jesus had urged him to do. Here was discipleship conditioned by the world in which the young man lived, temporarily perhaps, but ruinous to his loyalty to the Lord while waiting for the funeral, which, oddly enough, never took place, as we shall see in a moment.

I

Contrary to the conventional interpretation, that young man's father had not died. There was no corpse in his home awaiting burial. The circumstances make this clear.

In the first place, if the young man loved his father as much as his request indicates, he would not have left the house of mourning at all. His filial duty would have kept him near his family to assist in the preparation for the burial. This would not have given him time to crowd around a questionable exhorter as Jesus appeared to many at that point in his career. It is not conceivable that a young man of strong convictions, fervent enough to make him desirable to Jesus, could have ignored elementary obligations which a death in the family demands.

Furthermore, Hebrew tradition required early burial. Since, according to the law, it was defilement to touch the dead, it was customary to bury as soon after death as possible, usually the same day that life had fled. Moreover, the very climate of Palestine called for speedy disposal. It is quite evident that a conscientious son, under these circumstances, with the father's death on his mind, would not have been found in distant places, away from his home, his family and the honored remains during those few hours between death and the burial. At any rate, if the son really had ventured away from the family's threshold, forgetful of the day's extreme sorrow while roaming with the radical Nazarene, the funeral would have been over by the time he came back.

It cannot be ignored that Jesus' disdain for filial attachment, as expressed at other occasions, referred to supreme loyalty only and did not interfere with family amenities. He himself found time for marriage rejoicings and would not have denied a son's presence at a last parting when life's course was run. His word from the cross to John and his mother makes this clear. For all these reasons, this potential disciple's plea, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father" has a deeper meaning and more far-reaching significance than the few words at first sight may indicate.

Plain reasoning leads to the conclusion that the man's father had not died at all. He was no more dead than those who, in Jesus' words, were supposed to carry him. There was no lifeless body involved and consequently no impending funeral.

Moreover, the head of this household in question was not only not dead, but vigorously alive in body, mind and soul. So much was he alive to what was going on that he had objected to his son's association with the disturbing influence of the firebrand from the country up north. He had an innate dislike for people who found fault with his Hebrew way of thinking. This father had no use for assailants of the established order in church and society. He was a provincial conservative. Through unmistakable words and deeds the son had learned exactly where his father stood. In a word, he was opposed to change. And, to make no mistake about it, this father was prepared to enforce his authority, if need be, to the discomfort of the son.

Recognition must also be given to the fact that strong family ties and paternalism form an integral part in Jewish community life. These controlled the young man's life sufficiently in his attitudes toward religious and social questions that it was only natural to make this request to give him time till the father could no longer object. In effect he told Jesus, Look here, I am with you one hundred per cent, but it must not be known, not just now. There would be trouble at home, and our business could not stand the strain of the reflection shed on a good and honorable name. Have patience, Master. As soon as father has passed on I shall be independent, things are going to be different; no longer will I have to consider the feelings of those to whom I now owe so much. "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father."

II

There must have been disappointment written in his features as Jesus lost this witness for the Kingdom, the same as in the case of the other young man who was attached to his riches. For both, Jesus' heart was filled with compassion. He knew the circumstances which prompted the request. He knew also that, while this

particular father may be buried in due time, his kind does not die out. Others will take his place to impose the past upon emerging generations and consequently the final funeral that could free the young from the forbidding presence would never take place.

As we look closer at this son, his motives, his hopes, his fears, we can readily see that it is not so much the father himself who matters in the case, as it is the ideas which governed his life. Ideas, sufficiently ingrained in any social fabric, by custom and tradition, do not die in any one man's lifetime. They persist. Ancestor worship is not peculiar to orientals. Western civilization also has its share. As an example, the very perpetuation of denominationalism depends upon the effectiveness of respect shown to the fathers. With ancestor worship so heavy upon us, to wait for the expiration of conflicting ideas created thereby before witnessing to Jesus' way of life, simply means complete repudiation of ever doing so. Therefore the Master's injunction, Let the keepers of dead ideas bury their associates, "but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God," this is no time for catering to the lifeless.

III

Respect for the fathers' ideas, filled with fear, has been the burden of the church far too long, chief among which is the lack of unity in purpose among Protestant groups. Time and again men have appeared and spoken in admiration of Jesus' counsel, life and sacrifice as a power unto salvation, eager to be found in his company, and declaring publicly their loyalty to his teachings. Then, suddenly, there forced itself upon them the presence of Jesus—opposing fathers who must not be aroused to personal enmity. Well spoken words have resounded from platform and pulpit, only to be softened and modified in the end for fear of crossing ideas to which a bygone age was servant for want of anything better. Our days are filled with instances of this fear, that unrelenting logic might involve renunciation of the fathers' ideas on world order and to inaugurate a method agreeable to Jesus' injunction, "Follow me," now. We recall the fanfares with which conferences on foundations of peace and reconstruction have been heralded. The Malvern Manifesto is something with which no doubt Jesus must have been pleased as a witness to the faith that he inspires. But Malvern and the movement that bears its name are little heard of now. The ideas propounded and the plans laid live in the hearts of the few, but over all hangs the pall that forbids further action. While the fathers' method prevails, while war is a present reality, Malvern's loftiest aspirations must wait until they who favor war have yielded their ground.

The Delaware National Study Conference on the Churches and a Just and Durable Peace is still in our minds. In deeply felt seriousness and conviction they set forth to state principles of peace, declaring, "In loyalty to the words of Jesus Christ himself, it is the function of the church to 'discern' the times and the seasons, to 'decipher the meaning' of each succeeding era, and to bear witness to the word and will of God in each concrete situation." This group was convinced that "the churches in their purely temporal aspects, and apart from their spiritual functions, are powerful social institutions. As such they must concern themselves at all times in a vital and primary way with social confusion and chaos." And as though responding to a personal "Follow me" from the Master, they also said: "The church can most adequately meet man's perennial demand for peace and freedom by summoning men to commit themselves to Jesus Christ and to the cause of the Kingdom of God in him."

Having said these and other words of like tenor, and prayerfully referring their cause to the guidance of God, the modifying power of recalling the fathers' way of doing things, as in war, asserted itself and brought forth the caution not to question the justification of the present emergency nor to make any commitment whether the church too was at war or not. Putting their final resolve into the words of the young man in our story, they said in effect, "first suffer me to go and bury my father." First let *his* ideas and methods be done with and buried, and then I will rise and practice the Kingdom of God. But right now, please not. Since then, what more have we heard of the effects of that great conference, acclaimed as an opening wedge to a Christian approach to bring faith in God to bear upon this present conflict for an early conclusion through negotiations? Pending the father's funeral, apparently, nothing further can be done than to issue words and more words. And so it seems that the Master is left without their support, at least for the duration, and then it will be too late to influence a military "peace."

From the forums of Protestant gatherings, we may look to Catholics and Jews, all of whom have expressed themselves on the importance of a "lively faith in a personal and transcendant God" from whom "springs a sincere and unyielding moral strength." But here too, for the time being, these sources of strength must not be let loose, as it might interfere with the ideas of the father who accepts religion, but not its extremes, capable of changing the currently accepted course of life. In well formed phrases we are admonished by such conferences, "not to abandon faith in the goodness and the decency of man, and in the eventual triumph of justice and love." Somehow, "eventually," all will come true that we hope, this Kingdom of God, but not now. The father's funeral must first become a thing of the past.

IV

And so we keep on uttering words without heeding the immediate and urgent call of Jesus, "Follow me"—now. It has been stated that at the Woodrow Wilson Library in New York there have been collected already not less than 1,200 books, pamphlets and articles on postwar planning. Most of this material deals with religious proposals for a new world order. Though they are all for the Kingdom, none is meant to be put into effect now. "First suffer me to go and bury my father."

Great plans are in the minds and hearts of the world's best people and Christian leaders as they speak through the World Council of Churches in Geneva.

But what do reports from there indicate? A study made of all the pronouncements by the churches shows "that there is anything but a common mind among churchmen as to the application of Christian principles to world problems." Paul G. Macy, executive secretary of the Friends of the World Council of Churches, comes to this conclusion: "The Christian Church will have no more influence on the future peace than at Versailles (that is, practically nothing) unless it can speak with a united voice through some agency which shall represent a very considerable portion of the Christians of the world." This we fail to possess now, and therefore, hesitation on the part of religious leadership on the one hand, and on the other, disbelief in the effectiveness of a Christian world order on the part of a generation committed to violence. The accusation has been raised repeatedly, that we are in this war because the churches failed to do their duty after the last one. Somehow we hoped that in due course the fathers' war idea would be buried, but we have learned to our sorrow that it will not die of its own accord. Something very much stronger and better must replace it first.

When the *Christian Century* asked some time ago in an editorial headline "Is Delaware Evaporating?" the writer not only answered his own question, but virtually brought to life the young man whom Jesus invited into his fellowship, who was close enough to him to hear his voice, but cautiously asked for time before committing himself completely. Delaware is but a symbol of Christian effort the world over, brave words by the impotent. Action must wait till the opposition has stepped aside by its own free will, leaving the field to the churches. But no such day is in the calendar.

V

Is there no hope then to live in an effective witnessing capacity in accordance with a positive faith? Fortunately, highest authorities recognize the right of the individual conscience to decide between conflicting loyalties. Chief Justice Hughes stated years ago in his opinion in the Macintosh case: "In the forum of conscience, duty to a moral power higher than the state has always been maintained. The reservation of that supreme obligation, as a matter of principle, would unquestionably be made by many of our conscientious and law-abiding citizens." And Harry Emerson Fosdick, in describing the difficulties of the Christian today, reasons: "Nevertheless, he is all the more and not the less constrained to stand for and bear witness to a way of life and a means of combating evil utterly different from the violence his nation uses." Such bearing of witness means a break with the fathers' ideas. Whether we think of St. Paul or Wycliffe, Wesley or Luther, they all had to do it. For such a son we are looking today, a flaming soul, a maker of history by breaking with the past as far as it is decadent.

This then is the challenge that confronts everyone who claims Chirst as his and the world's Savior, regardless of the father's displeasure, to follow him in personal decisions and thus choosing his contribution toward the coming of his Kingdom—now.

Invisible Chariots

By Russell E. Rees

. . . And behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. II Kings 6:17.

THE STRUGGLE for moral values is as old as man. In fact, the consciousness which sets man off from the beast is an awareness of such values issuing in a sense of responsibility. The heroes of the human race are just those individuals who have been able to give assurance to their fellow men of the reality of this responsibility, and the further faith that in the struggle man does not stand in his own weakness, but that there are spiritual resources at his call, to aid him in his endeavor.

One of the early heroes of this moral struggle was the prophet Elisha, whose enchanting story the historian has preserved for us in the Second Book of Kings. This early prophet, like later ones, found that opposition was not long in meeting one who stood for a new order based upon righteousness. The particular antagonist to Elisha was the king of Syria, whose plans again and again failed because of the insight of the prophet. At last, stung to recklessness, the king determined to take his enemy by storm and end the matter. He gathered a host and proceeded to the city where he had been told the prophet was living.

Now when the young man who attended upon Elisha looked out one morning and saw the marching army approaching he was naturally frightened, and turning to his master said: "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" To his despairing servant the prophet replied: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And he prayed earnestly that the young man's eyes might be opened; and they were opened, and he saw "that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

THE LONELINESS OF PROPHETS

The loneliness of the moral pioneer is proverbial. Evil always has ways of conjuring up horses and chariots, and appearing to be strong and impregnable. To the eyes of the uninitiated the cause of the prophet often appears hopeless, if not irrational. Courage appears to be foolhardiness until the eyes are opened to the "invisible chariots" which surround the life of such a dedicated one. Then it becomes clear that the psalmist may be right, and one may chase a thousand and ten put ten thousand to flight. One man who happens to be right, and thus on the side of God, may be, in any century, a majority.

In the dingy back room of his apothecary shop in Delft, Holland, Anthony Leeuwenhoek began to grind out his lenses. Evening after evening he hurried to his

workshop after he had closed his store to look long and painstakingly at many substances which he placed under those lenses—the tartar from his own teeth, a little fish, a drop of rain water, the eye of a louse. And there he saw—the first human being ever to view it—the invisible world of the microbes. He was the only man in the world at that time who believed there were these tiny invisible forms of life. One can imagine a servant of Leeuwenhoek (if he had had a servant) turning with despair to the master and saying, "Alas master, how shall we do?" And perhaps one can imagine the master turning back with reassurance to say: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

COPERNICUS WAS RIGHT

After careful studies, Leeuwenhoek wrote to the British Royal Society for the Advancement of Science and told them of his discoveries. But his story was as a fairy tale to the learned men of Britain. They laughed at him, they scorned his ignorance, they chided him for his lack of integrity. The whole scientific world was on his side, and a simple grinder of lenses on the other. But it happened that the little drug clerk of Delft was on the side of truth, and the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about him.

Truth has resources which error cannot duplicate. The man who is right can afford to wait; the man who is wrong must ever be impatient.

> Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
> Yet that scaffold sways the future . . .

Copernicus is right, and though contemporary scientists scoff and though the church condemn and kings forbid, he has found one of the little pieces in the puzzle of the universe, and it fits into its proper niche, snug and close, and no opposition can dislodge it from its place. The geocentric universe was a square plug in a round hole, and even though it seemed to have all the armies of Syria at its back, it could not stand against the idea of a heliocentric universe. For at this point the deciding factor was not what "everybody believed to be true," but what one man, by a mighty leap of insight, had discovered.

The body of evidence which supports this thesis is so great as to be unquestionable. Thus truth has ever come, not from the accepted chatter of the market place, but from the inspired insights of prophetic souls who see beyond their fellows and decipher a new word out of the hieroglyphic of the universe.

GARRISON AGAINST THE WORLD

Is it similarly true in our search for the true and the right in social development of the race? Is it true in the evolution of morals, that there are invisible chariots about the persons of the prophets? Who would have been so bold as to claim that was true when William Lloyd Garrison began to publish his *Liberator* in Boston? "I will not equivocate, and I will be heard." Boston knew what to do with agitators. They broke into his little printshop and destroyed his presses. They hurled invectives at him from the high pulpits of that town of the erstwhile Puritans. The "respectable people" were against him almost to a man. If he had had a servant he might have asked Garrison: "Alas, master, how shall we do?" And the doughty publisher could well have calmed him, saying: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

The supporting evidence is not always as easy to find as in the case of Garrison. For in 1865, when the struggle for ending human slavery in the United States was nearly over, the citizens of Boston, in grateful appreciation for services rendered, made up a purse of $30,000 and presented it to the ageing editor. When someone urged Abraham Lincoln to pray that God might be on his side in the great Civil War, Lincoln is said to have replied that he was not nearly so concerned whether God was on his side as he was to know whether he was on God's side. Entirely too much of our praying is an attempt to persuade God to vote with the majority, and all too little is an attempt to place ourselves on God's side, discover his purpose, find his idea of truth and be wholly committed to do his will.

SHALL CHILDREN STARVE IN WARTIME?

We have been passing through a period of dark moral uncertainty, a time when we have professed not to know right from wrong. Practically all our former values have been deflated and many people lay claim to great doubt and despair. In our moral confusion we have become a party to holding a blockade on the continent of Europe which has caused the death already of thousands of innocent children and helpless aged people. Two of the greatest and oldest Christian nations have agreed together to this evil. It is probable that a majority vote taken in the two countries would approve the action. But let it be said in awful earnestness that when a child is hungry any civilized person, surely any professing follower of Jesus Christ, ought to know what to do.

It is as simple as this: the child ought to be fed. That is what you do for a hungry child. No sophistry can get around that. Majority opinion has nothing to do with it. We can take our stand here with as great assurance as Elisha and prophesy that the mountains are full of horses and chariots of fire round about the people who believe that. Reinforcements will rise out of the ground to insist that they are right. It is as Jesus said, "If we be still the very stones will cry out."

JESUS—AND GANDHI

Sympathy and kindness and the loving care of children are right, and starvation and mistreatment of children are wrong, no matter who supports it. Governments which allow their weight to be thrown on the side of such evil will be as far wrong as the British Society for the Advancement of Science was in the case of Leeuwenhoek.

We profess to be interested in getting a better world. But do we seriously believe that a better world can be created out of evil deeds multiplied and piled

upon each other? Are we so timid about the cause of righteousness in the world that we dare not trust it to stand upon its own feet? Jesus Christ went to his cross on the venture that the mountains were full of invisible chariots about the life of one who had dedicated himself to God's way and God's Kingdom. The generation which did him to death thought one could slay an unpalatable truth by crucifying the man who spoke it. "They sealed the tomb and posted a guard." They accused him of blasphemy when he said, "I will destroy this temple and in three days will build it again." They were far more misguided than was the king who tried to sweep back the tide with a broom.

One cannot but be filled with a great pity that with all the intelligence of the British government, no better solution has been found to Gandhi's cry for liberty than prison walls. Does anyone think for an instant that one can shut up a cry behind bars. You might as well command the sun to stand still or the rivers to stop flowing. The world is full of horses and chariots of fire round about the person who, asking nothing for himself, asks for the freedom of the human spirit for others. Out of the earth, like the unplanted flowers of the springtime, come reinforcements to such spokesmen for human liberty.

LEAVE THE FUTURE TO GOD!

The whole import of Jesus' life is to this end, that when we are right, when we have found God's will, when we have uttered the truth, the consequences may be left to the future and to God. When we have done evil, no matter what supports we may arrange, no matter what expediencies we may claim, no matter how much we are willing to defend it, we shall fall by that very evil. Evil is its own defeat. The more it succeeds the more sure is its failure.

> Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers.
> But error, wounded, writhes with pain
> And dies among her worshipers.

Timid Christians, finding themselves isolated and alone like Leeuwenhoek with his microbes, persuade themselves that since so many are against them they must be wrong, and that security can be found only in changing sides, and agreeing with what "everybody thinks." "Alas, master, what shall we do?" they ask. To them let Elisha be the spokesman for God—"Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." For the hills are full of invisible chariots round the lives of those who are willing to be used and consumed by the will and purpose of God.

Can you imagine a more discouraging situation than that which faced the little group of Christians in the mighty city of Rome in 100 A.D.? Forty years of persecution had thinned the ranks of the faithful, the most daring leaders had been killed, the whole movement driven from the streets and open places to cower in the catacombs under the city. "Alas, master, how shall we do?" What can a tiny band of believers, believing ever so fervently that they are the guardians of the truth—what can they do? Shall we be "practical"? Shall we be "realistic"? Shall we be "expedient"? Where will God find defenses for his struggling movement? Yet history seems to judge people by whether or not their eyes were open to see the invisible resources available to the Christian community in that hour. The emperors and the armies and the majority of the citizens are all stacked up on one side, and on the other a few slaves, "not many wise, not many mighty," some people of little influence, a visible company that was weak and far from prepossessing—"but behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

CROSSES AS SYMBOLS OF TRIUMPH

"I am the Way," said Jesus with perfect calmness of spirit. Not a way, but *The Way*. There is no other. It is either this way, or there is no way. The other ways lead only to confusion and despair. The other ways may have the hosts of mighty kings at their command, while The Way may appear utterly weak and helpless, but the mountains are full of cohorts for those who take this Way. In this Way crosses become symbols of triumph instead of evidences of defeat. God backs up his truth, his righteousness, his witnesses in the most unexpected ways. For "he will give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

> And fierce though the fiends may fight
> And long though the angels hide,
> I know that Truth and Right
> Have the universe on their side.
>
> And that somewhere, beyond the stars
> Is a Love that is better than fate;
> When the night unlocks her bars,
> I shall see Him, and I will wait.

Suppose that I should ring the changes on the slogan, "America First." Everybody would wince. There was always something the matter with that slogan. Are we not, then, patriots? Do we not want America to be great in power, prosperity and leadership? Of course we want it, but even in this realm Jesus' statement holds good: We cannot get what we want for America if we put America first; we must put something else first—righteousness first, a decent world order, an established reign of law among all nations, mankind organized for justice and peace. *That* we must put first, or alas! America will fall from one disaster to another.

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The world is always asking the church to tell it how it can escape from the consequences of its sin —that is to say, of its selfishness, for this is the root of all sin. But the church has—or ought to have—no interest in doing this. Its concern is to tell men how to escape from the sin itself, and this will carry with it escape from the consequences.

Archbishop Temple.

Jesus did not come into the world to make life easy. He came to make men great. Bishop Fiske.

Can Any Good Come Out of this War?

By John C. Irwin

THIS MORNING I should like to raise with you the question, "Can any good come out of this war?" This may seem a strange question to ask in the midst of a struggle which is demanding the utmost of our national effort. However, I am convinced that this question is insistently in the minds of many people. Disillusioned by the failure of the last war to build a lasting peace, depressed by the administration's lack of frankness in the events leading up to this war, and disappointed by the failure of our leaders to define clearly what it is we are fighting for, many people are wondering, and with reason, "Can any good come out of this war?"

I

Everyone knows that evil comes out of war. We are all too keenly aware of the vacant places at our tables to need telling that war brings broken homes. In this section of the country we know about the migration of people as we are told that North Dakota has lost 15 per cent of its population since the 1940 census. We know from the letters of departed friends of the crowded quarters of migrant workers and of the rising toll of juvenile delinquency which these unsettled social conditions are exacting from our country. We are aware of the disruption of our normal economy, of the destruction of great cities rich in the tradition of the centuries, of the enslavement of whole populations and the calculated campaign to eliminate such races as the Jews and Poles from European life. Nearer and nearer to us comes the cost of war in maimed bodies, broken nervous systems, and in the loss of life itself. The agony of all the mothers of all the world bears eloquent testimony of the fact that war brings evil.

The atrocity stories which we have been reading in our press and hearing over our radio simply serve to underline the fact that war is terrible in its nature, that it unleashes the worst in men and reduces humanity to the level of the beast. All of this evil consequence of war was clearly seen by two great leaders in the period of strife between the north and the south in our own country. It was a northern general who gave voice to the sober judgment, "War is hell." And it was the southern general, Robert E. Lee, who is quoted by Carl Sandburg as looking out over a battlefield where there were the still quivering bodies of men and saying, "It is well that war is so horrible else we might become too fond of it."

But it is not only during the progress of war that it produces evil. The evil results are projected into the periods of peace which follow. Most of us can still remember the emotional debauch that followed the close of the last war. Released from our struggle and concern, we did not turn our minds and our thoughts to create a better world and to reap the fruits of our victory, but rather in glad relaxation we let go of our idealism. We thought the time to make sacrifices had ended and we gave ourselves up to the excesses of what we call the jazz age and the flaming twenties. Most of us remember the age of bootleg liquor and of crumbling morals. We can recall the days of hysterical speculation and the men who were millionaires—on paper. And now there comes a psychologist, the head of the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, to say to us: "We have never completely recovered our mental equilibrium since the last war and as a result, we have been a psychologically sick nation in the intervening twenty-five years. . . . The road back to the ploughshare from the sword is harder than the road to the sword." Thus we are reminded of the cost of war in human emotional instability.

Further, evil passions which are unleashed by war operate to defeat the planning of a just and righteous peace. The nation has suffered at the hand of its enemy; therefore it hungers for revenge. The waging of the war successfully has forced us to concentrate upon our own righteousness and to decry the faults of our enemy. Hence we have lost our sense of proportion and we are unable to give our attention to correcting those faults in our own national life which might lead to a more just and righteous peace. War aggravates our sense of nationalism, and these nationalisms result in those hatreds and rivalries that again and again have drenched the soil of Europe in human blood.

This awareness of the evil results of war caused the churches in the years following 1918 to do a great deal of thinking about war and to make many pronouncements in their assemblies and conventions regarding it. I shall quote only one. It emanates from that great council of the churches held in Oxford, England, in 1938. Represented there were all the churches of all the world except the Roman Catholic and the state church of Germany, and this great body of churchmen said, "War is a particular demonstration of the power of evil in the world."

II

But is this all that can be said? Is evil now triumphant in the world? Is God defeated? Is there nothing that God can do to bring good out of this war?

There is a great word of faith in the 76th Psalm which furnishes the text of our thinking this morning: "Surely, the wrath of man shall praise thee." (Psalm 76:10)

Thus spoke the ancient psalmist as he looked about him and meditated upon the history of his people. He thought about the many strange things that had occurred in the life of his nation and he sought to understand the inner meaning of those events. Consider the story of Joseph. His brothers envied him and hated him. So they conspired together and sold him into

slavery. Surely this was evil. But out of it God provided the means for giving grain and food to Joseph's family when famine came upon the land.

The psalmist thought about the years of slavery in Egypt. Here was the nation groaning under the taskmaster. This was surely evil. Yet out of that evil God raised up a Moses, led a nation into the wilderness, and wrote the Ten Commandments that have given ethical and moral leadership to a whole world. And that was good. Then there was the period of captivity in Babylon. The nation was destroyed, its leaders were tortured and taken on a veritable "march of death" as they trekked from their native land to the shores of the Euphrates. This was evil. Yet out of it God brought the end of the tribal religion and universalized the Hebrews' conception of God.

Christians would add to these stories the figure of Christ upon his cross. If there was ever evil in the world it was the nailing of this good Man to his cross. But out of that evil God wrought the redemption of us all. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee."

We human beings are so constituted that nothing external to us is necessarily either good or evil. Our fate is not determined by the outer event but by our inner attitude. It is the spirit in which we approach the occurrences of the outer world that determines whether they are evil or good.

Here is an individual who is wracked with pain. That is evil. He may, as Job's wife suggested, "curse God and die," or he may say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Here is a person facing the collapse of all his hopes and dreams and ambitions. He may become an embittered broken old man because of it, or he may rise to a victorious spirit. It is our attitude that opens the way for God to bring good out of evil.

It will be so also with this war. We are not living in a closed and mechanical universe where the outcome is predetermined. We are living in an open world where there are options of choice and decision before us. It *is* possible that the evil of these days may fill us with penitence and give God a chance to cause the wrath of man to praise him. In the days of the last war the poet, Angela Morgan, wondered why God didn't stop the carnage and open the way to a new world. As she reasoned thus within herself, she thought God spoke to her:

> These things shall be, these things shall be,
> Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies
> Till the people rise!
> Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
> I cannot speak till the people speak:
> When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—
> I cannot come till my people come.

This is our conviction. God can indeed bring good out of the evil, but he does so when the lives and minds of the people are open to him so that he can work his will in us.

III

How then may we expect good to come out of this war? We may confidently believe that God will bring good out of the evil of this war if we are able to wage war with penitence. This may seem a strange suggestion. It is more usual to suggest that people ought to wage war with anger and with hatred. However, these are the very attitudes that have had the demonic power to sow the seeds of new strife and new enmity. There is the chance that if our nation can find the greatness of soul to wage war with sorrow and penitence, that penitence might redeem us so that God might bring good of evil.

Do we not recall that the one sin with which Jesus had no patience was the sin of self-righteousness? He had understanding for the woman taken in adultery. He had sympathy for the publicans who were traitors to their nation and collected the hated taxes of Rome. But for the self-righteous man who thanked God that he was not as other men, Jesus had only words of condemnation. Self-righteousness and complacency close the door to God's grace, to God's mercy.

It is hard for us in wartime to remember our share of guilt in causing the conditions which produced the war. It was the Smoot-Hawley tariff which started the vicious spiral of currency deflation and cutthroat international competition. It was our withdrawal which wrecked the World Economic Conference of 1933. Our refusal to participate in the World Court closed this door of peaceful adjudication. Our Oriental Exclusion Act aroused the resentment of the Orient.

Since the press is full of Japanese atrocities just now, it may be instructive to remind ourselves of the white man's behavior in the Orient. It may humble us to remember such a story as that told by Clark Lee, a newspaper correspondent, in his book, *They Call It Pacific*. He relates how in the days just before Pearl Harbor his heart was heavy as he saw the arrogance of the white man in the city of Shanghai. He was aware of the smoldering resentment of the yellow races, yet he saw the white man riding in his rickshaw and beating the coolie that pulled him with his cane. And then he fled to Hongkong and saw there in the hotels and bars the inscription, "Orientals not admitted." Then he went to the Philippines, hoping that there under American leadership he would find a different policy. Late one night he went into the bar of his hotel. The hour came when the law said liquor should no more be served to patrons. An American woman who tried to order more liquor was told by the Filipino constable, "You cannot have any more." She railed at him and swore at him and struck him on the face. This Filipino, exercising tremendous self-control, kept his hands at his side and took no action against the woman. Clark Lee said he was filled with shame for his nation and all he could think of to do was to go to the Filipino, take his hand and congratulate him upon his courtesy and his self-control. The "white man's burden" in the Orient today is a burden of hatred aroused by our own pride and arrogance. It is this sin of the white race for which our boys are paying the awful price. I say, God may be able to bring good out of this war if we learn to wage it with penitence.

And God can bring good out of this war if we learn

to wage it with a spirit that is free from hatred and revenge. This is a hard thing to say in these days. It is difficult to lift ourselves to the level of overcoming hatred and the desire for vengeance. Yet it is not human counsel, but the counsel of our Master who said: "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'; but I say unto you, love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you."

I think one of the greatest stories that has come out of the war was a newspaper dispatch which appeared in our press. The correspondent tells how in North Africa a group of American soldiers were noisily gathered for their Thanksgiving dinner. It was at an air base back of the line and they had turkey, and mashed potatoes, and gravy, and everything good. Amid the confusion and noise of the group as they were preparing to eat, a young lieutenant at the foot of the table spoke up and said: "Gentlemen, since this is Thanksgiving I would like to say grace." And this is how the 22-year-old pilot prayed. "Dear God"—and the words came hard as though he pulled each one out of his throat, for this was no pat prayer learned in Sunday school—"Dear God, we thank you for this food we are about to eat, for we know there are thousands of men who cannot sit down to a meal like this today. Bless all our loved ones at home. Dear God, bless all the fighting men on all the fronts around the world—on both sides—because they all are fighting for what they believe is right." God can bring good out of this war if we can free our spirits from hatred and revenge.

Finally, God can bring good out of this war if we determine to meet our responsibility for maintaining world order at the end of the conflict. Leslie Weatherhead has reminded us that "the sky was red in 1918 and we thought it was the dawn—but it was the sunset to the dreams of God." The inner meaning of the present struggle is that the nations of the world are groping their way to unity. This time we must see that the sun does rise upon a world where ordered and peaceful collaboration between the nations has at last a chance.

God can make the wrath of man in this war to praise him if we learn the lesson Don Blanding expressed in his book, *Pilot, Bail Out:*

What did you see soldier,
  What did you see at war?
I saw much glory and horror
  As was never seen before.
I saw men's hearts burn naked
  In red crucibles of pain;
I saw such godlike courage
  As I'll never see again.

What did you think soldier,
  What did you think at war?
I thought how strange we have not learned
  From wars that were waged before,
Except new ways of killing,
  New multiples of pain,
And all the blood that men have shed
  Is blood shed all in vain.

What did you learn soldier,
  What did you learn at war?
I learned that we must learn something
  That wasn't learned before.
That victories won on battlefields
  Are victories won in vain,
Unless in peace we kill the germs
  That breed fresh wars again.

What did you pray soldier,
  What did you pray at war?
I prayed that we might do the things
  We have not done before;
That we might mobilize for peace
  Or mobilize in vain,
Lest Christ and man be forced to climb
  A Calvary again.

Sanity Test

GRIZZLY, satirical, provocative, old George Bernard Shaw is undeniably unique and utterly unconventional. Prodded into making another public statement by an insistent interviewer, he said:

"Am I mad? I really do not know. Doubtless I am clever in certain directions, and my talent has enabled me to cut quite a figure in my profession. But a man may, like Don Quixote, be clever enough to cut a figure and yet be stark mad.

"I have never thought much of the courage of a lion tamer. Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility, in short no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat.

"At least, if I am sane, the rest of the world ought not to be at large. We cannot both see things as they really are."

Any man resisting the insistent attempt of the mob to compel uniformity, refusing to follow the crowd in its opinionated obstinacy, rebelling at the assumption of infallibility that always deludes the omnipotent majority, must surely have wondered at some time or other whether he himself is wholly sane or not.

But the crowd does not wonder. It knows. Who dares differ with the mob mind must be crazy—and must be corrected. Or else!

Small wonder the independent mind dreads the mob, for the latter is invariably so intensely factious.

A faction is a group of people who act without regard for the results of their behavior on others. Factionalism itself means not only intolerance but ruthless indifference to the thoughts and wishes of people outside the faction. The social bond, which is consideration of one for another, is broken. Tyranny results, and possibly totalitarianism.

And the tyranny is always set up in terms of noble ideals, the safety of religion, the welfare of the world, et cetera. But however glamorously garbed, tyranny speedily becomes intolerable.

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction; and many are they that enter in thereby. Enter *ye* in by the narrow gate!"

HENRY HITT CRANE.

Freight Cars or Engines?

A Sermon for Children by R. J. Tyson

DID you ever stand by the railroad track and count the number of cars as a freight train was passing by? I have counted as many as a hundred and sometimes the train had two engines, one pulling and one pushing.

A freight train consists of two main parts—the engine with its fire and steam and the long line of loaded or empty cars being pulled along behind. The job of the engine is to generate power to pull the cars along. The job of the cars is to carry freight, such as coal, food, articles of clothing and other merchandise, from place to place—from the place where it is grown or manufactured to the stores that sell it to the people. The main difference between the engine and the freight cars is that the engine possesses motive power while the cars do not. So the cars will have to be pulled or pushed all their lives.

This difference between the engine and the cars originated in the workshop during the building period. The one was built with the possibility of generating power to *pull* while the other was built to *be pulled*.

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

There are two kinds of men and women in the world. There are those of the engine type, who, with motive power within themselves moving under their own steam, pull and push and lead. Then there are those who have no fire-box, no steam-chest, no motive power of their own and they must be pulled or pushed by others. Note, too, that this difference between men and women originated in the workshop days of their youth.

The days of youth are workshop days where the men and women of tomorrow are being built. You are now in that building stage. You yourself are the head workman, the planner and the builder of your own habits and character. Yes, your fathers and mothers and your teachers can advise and counsel you, but they cannot build your life for you. You must do that. Whether or not at the end of your building period of youth, when you roll out of youth's workshop onto the great highway of life, of manhood and womanhood, you will roll out under your own steam or be pushed out, depends upon the kind of building you do in these formative years of life, during your boyhood and girlhood days.

WANT TO BE A FREIGHT CAR?

Do you want to make a freight car out of yourself? Building freight cars is a much easier and simpler job than building an engine. All you need to do to make a freight car out of yourself is to take it easy, stand around, do no more than you absolutely must. If you must be continually reminded to do your duty, if you must be made to go to bed and to get up, if you must be told when to study, if you must be told to practice your music lesson, if you are forming the habit of waiting for orders, if you are shirking hard jobs till forced to perform them then you may know that you are drifting into the freight-car class.

What is the secret of engine building? It lies in the development of motive power. Attend to your regular daily tasks, study your lessons, run your errands, keep your engagements, attack your hated jobs, make your decisions *under your own steam* without a word of command or reminder from anybody! The world is oversupplied with men of the freight-car class. It is looking for men who can pull and lead. Your opportunity is waiting for you if only you are prepared to meet it.

A Pastoral Prayer

By James Croswell Perkins

O THOU Great Friend of all the generations of mankind, we praise Thee that Thou art ever near to be our Comforter, Encourager and Guide. Thou art high and lifted up. Thou art the mighty One who inhabitest eternity and whose name is Holy, yet dost make Thy dwelling-place with the humble and contrite heart.

We come from the haste and pressure of our daily lives to seek rest for our spirits, enlightenment for our minds, and reinforcement for our highest purposes. We come from absorption in things temporal to seek the Eternal. We would turn our minds from the uncertainties of the passing hour to the great certainties and securities of our Christian faith.

O Thou Source of all that is high and noble, earnestly we pray that our lives may be infused with the nobility of the character of Christ. Thou Giver of every good gift, help us to open our minds and hearts to those gifts of the Spirit which we deeply need but often fail to appropriate—the gifts of graciousness, serenity, kindness and heroic faith. Thou Encourager of all who depend on Thee, enable us to be of good cheer, to be strong and of good courage, and to gladden the hearts of our companions along life's pathways.

Forgive us our moral failures. Cleanse us from all unchristian feelings and attitudes toward any who may have hurt us. Keep us from habits that stunt the growth of Christian character.

Strengthen us that we may learn to do justly, love kindness, and walk in quiet fellowship with Thee. We ask all in the name of Him whose greatest joy was to do Thy holy will, even Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

The Bible in a Warring World

Text: The light is still shining in the darkness; for the darkness has never put it out.—John 1:5 (Goodspeed).

I. Introduction—Story of a blackout in the early war days, with the lights turned off all over the city, but above the heavenly lights are still aglow. As Dr. Stifler tells us, "You can't black out the stars!"

II. Body of Sermon—Three questions:

(1) What happens when national leaders and their peoples turn away from the Bible? a. Selfishness, greed and lust for power take control. No sense of responsibility to God nor fear of his judgments. b. Then war comes, with its suffering, destruction, death. Darkness covers the earth. c. But men cannot blackout the Bible, for its truths are eternal. Its light may be dimmed, but it still shines.

(2) What happens to the Bible in time of war? a. Its circulation is hindered, but its publication and distribution go on. b. Actually the demand for it grows as the need for it increases. Homes broken, families scattered—the Bible brings comfort. c. Men recognize that its truths must become the basis for any enduring peace.

(3) What is our duty toward the Bible in a warring world? a. To read and study it more earnestly. b. To make it actually our guide and stay in bitter days. Illustrations from Douglas' *The Robe.* c. To promote its wider distribution and thus make it a mightier influence in social, national and international life.

III. Conclusion—In this darkened world Christians are to be "lamplighters" as never before. We must take the light of the gospel from under the bushel and hold it up for the world's seeing and salvation. "Let your light so shine."

(Submitted by W. L. Darby, representative of the American Bible Society, Washington, D. C.)

The Christian Answer To This Age

Text: What shall we then say to these things?—Romans 8:31a.

I. Introduction—What things? The vice of the Roman empire, the iron heel of tyranny, human slavery and widespread destruction. All these marked Paul's day and they mark our own: we are living in an age when "everything that is not nailed down is coming loose," when sorrow and loss are growing, where we feel everywhere the impact of brutality.

II. Body of the Sermon—What shall we say to these things? What Paul affirmed about the nature and power of Christ—"In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." That is the one thing we can say that answers absolutely the terrific conditions that meet our eyes today. 2. That is exactly what is being said in harassed Europe today—"We are more than conquerors" in spite of all. Note the courageous stand of the churches of Norway against the diabolic power of the state; the cooperative efforts of Protestants and Catholics in Belgium; the bravery of the stricken French; the trust in God when all else is lost as expressed by German Christians. In all these things these hardpressed people are "more than conquerors." 3. But—in our "conquering" there are degrees of conquest. Few of us are conquerors all the way. There are those who are conquerors, and just conquerors—those who just "get by"; and there are conquerors, and more than conquerors—those who may be separated from home, church, friends, freedom, but never from God. They are always conscious of the presence of the Lord. Such was Paul; such are many today in this amazingly difficult time. What kind of "conqueror" are you?

III. Conclusion—We are living in an age when it is perhaps more difficult to be conquerors than in most ages of the past. The secret of full conquest is through Christ; through trust in God; through faith in the final victory, a victory that is more than victory because it is after all God's victory through us.

(Andrew P. Burton, First Baptist Church, Belvidere, Ill.)

Toward Better Speech

A Free Forum for the Discussion Of Slips of Speech or Manner

Add to the list of pulpit mannerisms this contribution from North Carolina: Glasses taken off and cleaned 16 times during one sermon!

New Jersey: (1) Words often mispronounced because each word has a silent letter: of(t)en, glis(t)en, to(w)ard, mois(t)en, hos(t)ler, su(b)tle, s(w)ord, sa(l)mon, chas(t)en, poi(g)nant, s(ch)ism, a(l)mond. (2) Mispronounced by 50 per cent—or maybe 75 per cent—of the American people—February: FEB-roo-a-ri.

Somewhere in England: A chaplain stresses what has been repeated in this column, the mispronunciation of ***saith*** in reading the Scriptures. It is ***SETH.*** He reminds us that SAY-ith (saithe) is a fish.

Saskatchewan: Goguel is ***go-Gel;*** Söderblom, ***SER-der-bloom';*** Berdyaev, ***byer-DYA-yef;*** Maritain, ***ma-ree-TAN;*** Bulgakov, ***bool-GA-kof;*** Przywara, ***psher-VAH-rah.***

South Carolina: (1) The sanctuary of churches should not be referred to as the ***auditorium.*** (2) Some of our well trained and most excellent ministers have a habit of adding a "d" sound to the word "crown" when followed by "of," as: "A crown-d of glory," or "a crown-d of thorns." (3) ***Humble,*** exactly as spelled, *not* UMBLE. (4) The "r" now seldom jars our ears at the end of ***idea.***

Integral is not in-TEE-gral, but ***IN-te-gral.***

Strafe is pronounced (1) STRAYF, or (2) STRAHF, or even (3) SHTRAH-fee, though careful speakers generally prefer ***STRAYF.***

Quoted in *Word Study* (Merriam): The excessive use of adjectives such as "terrific" or "sensational" sets a Gresham's law to work as inexorably in vocabulary as it does in money—superlatives drive sobriety out of circulation. The revealing story is told of two movie producers meeting on the street. "How's your picture doing?" asked the first. "Excellent." "Only excellent? That's too bad!" (From Leo C. Rosten's *Hollywood,* Harcourt Brace & Co.)

Contributions for possible use in this column should be sent to

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The Genesis of Good Preaching

By James A. Richards

WHEN one discovers in amazement that one can look back on forty years of preaching, one is tempted to make evaluation of the experience. The results are too humbling to be stated here, but during the process some thoughts about the genesis of good preaching arise that I feel like sharing. One may do this not only for the fun of testing them by the minds of others, but also with the hope that must spring eternal in every preacher—thinking they may possibly have value for others.

Out of these many thoughts I choose just two. In this admittedly personal paper I might unite them as answers to the question, "Why have I not been a worse preacher than I have been?" They are expressions of gratitude for a good fortune that I am convinced ought to be the lot of every preacher.

If the personal note may be continued, I am profoundly grateful that I was allowed to start slowly. My experience has no importance through being mine, and is intruded only for purposes of illustration. During my seminary course I preached practically none at all. Instead I was busy on Sundays as a teaching chaplain in a boys' academy. The summer between my second and third seminary years I supplied a church where my duties were little more than the Sunday morning service. All the rest of the time could be given to the preparation of that one service. After graduation I was for nine months associate minister of a church where I had charge of but one of the Sunday services.

● *Pitfalls in Student Preaching*

Forget that this experience was mine, but think what it must mean to any man to have it. Preaching is a frightfully difficult business. A man's whole course in it is bound to be deeply affected by the way he starts. Here was opportunity to do one's very best from the very start—however poor that best was. Sermons could be written and rewritten. False starts could be abandoned. The subject could be studied and pondered long. Habits could be thoughtfully selected and practiced diligently. The waiting hearers could be vividly imagined. The opportunity was beyond price.

Compare this with the average experience. Some of our Protestant denominations start their preachers less rapidly than others, but few, if any, allow them to start slowly enough. Too many seminary students serve pulpits during their seminary years. Either their studies must be neglected or their first sermon preparation must be so hurried that they are less than their very best at the exact time when it is most important for them to do their best. Since the student must keep up his studies or fail to graduate, it is the sermonizing that suffers. It gets the tag-ends of time and strength. Incredibly slip-shod methods become customary. Moreover, the preacher himself is subtly tempted to despise the crucial importance of his preaching effort. Lucky is he if his seminary preaching does not do him far more harm than good. Often it does him injuries from which he never recovers.

● *Difficult Tasks in Small Churches*

Then what happens to this young man at graduation? He is snapped up by some small church as its pastor and preacher. Don't tell me a small church is easy! I happen to have had both small churches and some pretty big ones and I know that in some ways the small churches are more difficult. It takes just as long to write sermons for them. In them one is even more conscious of parish problems than in a larger church. The problems meet one every waking hour, go to bed with one and get up with one. Moreover, in such churches one has less competent assistance. There is no staff and there are fewer able lay folk. Then in such a church the young minister ordinarily has a program of unescapable public work heavier than he will ever have if later he passes on to larger churches. There, at the very time when he is least ready to meet it, he must produce two sermons a Sunday and a midweek lecture to boot. Is it any wonder he compromises his standards and remains as slipshod as when he left the seminary? Is it any wonder so many of our ministers stop growing at thirty or thirty-five? That is a tragedy which becomes ever more possible and almost inevitable as the multifarious tasks of the minister increase in this age of much doing and little thinking.

There is a moral to this. Protestantism is sacrificing its preachers on the pagan altar of hurry! That crime must stop! Few other things could in the long run do so much for preaching as for our churches to see to it that no poverty and no fallacious talk about the value of practice condemns its seminary students to too much preaching, and then arrange that the seminary graduates have the priceless experience of starting their preaching slowly.

● *Use of Good English Vitally Important*

My second measureless gratitude is to the English department of Harvard University. In the seminary I sat under a professor of homiletics whose personal saintliness remains one of the permanent blessings of my life. But although there was no better seminary in the country—personally I think there was no other nearly so good—I cannot remember that it taught me one single thing about preaching. (Thank God, it is vastly different there now.) If I was ever taught anything about how to preach, it was as an undergraduate at Harvard.

The art of preaching is essentially the art of using our mother tongue. Of course one must have something to say, and the love of God and men that moves one to say it. Here the seminary helped me wonderfully. But all useful writing and speaking has the same prerequisites. The art of preaching is essentially the art of using English. It is not a special trick of handling texts. It has no esoteric standards, no rare secrets except the ever exclusive secrets of good English composition and delivery.

● *Toward Impossible Ideals*

These secrets are discouragingly difficult to impart. Ask any English teacher. Catch him after he has waded through the proud offerings of his students. There are some men who never can grasp any of the secrets. There are practically none who can by any means be made good writers in so short years as those of the college and the seminary combined.

But for most men there is something priceless that a good English department can do. It can knock the proud nonsense out of a man. It can sear it into him that he does *not* know how to write. Then it can expose him to the knowledge of what narration, description, exposition, argumentation really are. It can drill him in making the clothing of language precisely fit the body of meaning, and especially insist that the clothing must never be bigger than the body. It can expose him to the music of words and phrases and sentences that "fall on their right surface." It can tell him that every composition must have a beginning and a middle and an end, and must march from one to another

by an inner necessity—and then stop! In short, it can give him *ideals of what preaching ought to be so high that he can never reach them.* That will keep him humble. That will doom him to lifelong toil and suffering and shame. But that will force him to grow forever. To give such clear and impossible ideals is to teach homiletics, by whomsoever it is done.

● *Homiletics as a 'Snap Course'*

There is a moral to this also. (After forty years it is hard not to draw the moral, although in sermons it is not always best to do it so openly.) Do our seminary students come up from college with such clear and impossible ideals? If they don't, do our seminaries see that they get them? I have known seminary teachers to say it is not their business to teach English! Then, in God's name, what is their business with the many students who need nothing else so much? Many of our seminary courses in homiletics are looked upon as "snap courses." They ought to be agonizingly exacting courses. Many of our professors of homiletics have been put in their seminaries for other purposes and then been given the teaching of homiletics as an economy, or to supply standing for other ends. They ought to be chosen because they are superlatively inspiring teachers of English composition, and, if needed, there should stand beside them teachers of public speaking to see that what is written does not die in the front pews.

Let our seminaries get the best theologians they can, the best exegetes they can, the best historians. But their graduates will spend more time at sermonizing than at any other one thing and in the long run will succeed or fail in the great cause more by their preaching than by anything else except their personal characters. Then let the chair of homiletics be the most honored chair in the seminary, and let it be the most carefully filled that in it may sit a man able to give his students clear and impossible ideals of what preaching ought to be.

Six Ways of Defining

By Lionel Crocker

THE word definition appears many times in the course of Hugh T. Kerr's interesting article on *Semantics and Sermonics* which appeared some time ago in the *Pulpit*. The preacher was urged to define. Perhaps it would be in order to indicate six ways in which terms may be defined.

1. *Etymology.* We may define a word by showing its derivation, its origin. Such a word as autograph comes from the two Greek words, *autos* and *graphos*.

2. *Function.* What is a library? If I say that a library is where they lend books, I am giving one sense of the word.

3. *Negation.* We sometimes find it helpful to define a word by telling what it is not. What is democracy? Democracy is not fascism and it is not communism. Of course, in using this device we have not stated what democracy is.

4. *Example.* Jesus used this type of definition when he said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like . . ." One might ask, "What is a small college?" The answer might be, "Swarthmore and Earlham are small colleges."

5. *Explication.* The dictionary most often uses this device of stating what the thing is. "A muscle is the tissue of the muscular organs." Death is, "The cessation of physical life."

6. *Authority.* Frequently we resort to depending on what some authority has said the word is. What is a university? Robert Hutchins says, "A university is a community of scholars." Allan Hoben said, "A college is a fellowship in learning."

SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS

(Continued from page 170)

a soldier's letter:

"In the midst of all this I have been thinking more seriously than ever before. I have never been really Christian nor wanted to follow Christ, though I thought I did. The church people have never believed in Christ or they would have made all this impossible. It is so tragic, so stupid. Why did we let it happen again? . . . Four or five fellows in my outfit were talking the other night, and we all agreed that when we come back we are going to try to get a new spirit into our churches, and we are going to try to be more honest Christians ourselves."—*Eugene M. Austin, Tioga Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.*

'Civilized' War Costs More!

Senator Bone, who has gone into the matter statistically, reports that in the days of Caesar the cost of killing a man in battle was approximately 75 cents. In the Napoleonic wars the cost had risen to $3,000. In the Civil War, $5,000 per man; in World War I, $21,000. In the present global conflict it has skyrocketed to the fabulous sum of $50,000 per man.

Something like 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline, fuel oils and other petroleum products are now going directly to our fighting forces every day the conflict continues. Furthermore, it is stated that the cost of one modern battleship would cover the total budget of Christian missions for twelve months. The average battleship uses more light bulbs than a town of 5,000 population, and the firing of a single broadside shatters about fifty per cent of them. Yes, war as it is fought today is a costly business, simply in the terms of money—not to mention the cost in lives and moral and spiritual values.—*Samuel Blair, First Methodist Church, Cape May, N. J.*

A Soldier Declares His Faith

I received a letter from a boy of my congregation now overseas in the combat zone. He set forth the belief that a small minority in each warring nation is responsible for this war and every war. And he also made a significant statement in regard to religion. He said: "When all the governments in the various countries get religion, this war will be over. And when all people get religion, there will be no more wars."—*Alfred Mathes, First Presbyterian Church, Meridian, Miss.*

Her Brother's Keeper

The history of social progress takes its side on the principle that we are our brothers' keeper. Look into the world of science. By this time tomorrow 300 people will die of cancer in the country. Out on the campus of the University of Chicago Maud Slye works with mice. Why? Because she realizes that her brothers, and sisters, are dying from this dread disease—and that she is responsible! So she is experimenting with mice; gradually with snail-like pace she is creeping up on the answer to the riddle of cancer. No zealot ever led a more consecrated life than this woman dedicated to a single purpose—to rid mankind, her brothers—of cancer. She has given a lifetime to these experiments because of this persistent feeling that she is her brother's keeper.—*Fred E. Luchs, Community Presbyterian Church, Athens, Ohio.*

'Not Christian Enough'

The head of a workers' high school in Sweden had a caller not long ago. He was a young man who said he was hostile to Christianity. The principal asked him why he was hostile. "Is it because Christians work for peace and justice in the world? "No," was the answer. "Was he opposed to Christians preaching love for neighbor?" "No," he replied. Then he said: "I guess that what I resent in Christians is not that they are Christians, but that they are not Christian enough!"

The Pulpit welcomes copies of sermon outlines readers have used which seemed to them effective. Originality and timeliness will be factors in the selection of those which are printed.

The Editors.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

REV. W. W. MANSELL *is minister of the Central* Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C. He came to the capital city from Vicksburg, Miss. Born in Mississippi, he received his later education at King College, Bristol, Tenn., and at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

Rev. JOHN C. EVANS *has for fifteen years been* religion and education editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. He is also rector of the Church of Our Savior in Elmhurst, a suburb of Chicago.

Rev. KARL REST *is pastor of the Immanuel Evan-*gelical and Reformed Church, Detroit, Mich. He was graduated from Elmhurst College and Eden Theological Seminary, and received an M.A. from Washington University. In 1931-32 he studied at the University of Berlin on a fellowship awarded by the International Institute of Education.

Since 1938 Rev. MARTIN SCHROEDER *has been rural* work representative of the Board of Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America and specialized in rural work as a pastor for twenty-five years. He served for two sessions in the Nebraska legislature, where he advocated measures for easing the farmers' burden during the years of the drouth. His later education was received at Western Theological Seminary, the University of Chicago, Iowa State College and the University of Nebraska.

*Having completed his education at Earlham Col-*lege and Hartford Seminary, Rev. RUSSELL E. REES entered the pastorate, spending five years in Congregational churches and fifteen in the Society of Friends. He is now in his fourth year with the Chicago Monthly Meeting in Morgan Park, Chicago. He is chairman of the Hostel Committee for Japanese-American Evacuees in Chicago. Mr. Rees' Quaker ancestry goes back to the eighteenth century.

Since 1938 Rev. JOHN C. IRWIN *has been pastor of* the First Methodist Church, Fargo, N. D. Before going to Fargo he ministered to suburban churches in Greater Chicago. For five years he was on the young people's staff of the Methodist Board of Education. Mr. Irwin received his education at Illinois College, the University of Chicago and Garrett Biblical Institute.

Rev. JAMES C. PERKINS *is minister of the First* Congregational Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rev. J. A. RICHARDS *was for many years minister* of the First Church in Oberlin (Ohio), and is now pastor of the Community Church, Mount Dora, Fla.

Rev. R. J. TYSON *is minister of the Bethlehem* United Brethren Church, Dallastown, Pa.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

WILLIAM A. JACOBS, First Congregational Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia. "The True Nobility." Matt. 5:10—"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called God's sons."

WILLIAM BLANDING, United Church, Ovid, Mich. "Freedom from Fear." 1 John 4:18—"Perfect love casteth out fear."

CLIFF H. MCLEOD, First Presbyterian, Mooresville, N. C. "Christ or Compromise." Rom. 12:2—"And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed."

DAVID A. MACLENNAN, Eaton Memorial, Toronto, Can. "The Sword of the Spirit." Eph. 6:17—"Take . . . the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

JACK B. MCMICHAEL, First Presbyterian, Vicksburg, Miss. "A Life or a Living." Matt. 6:34—"You must make his kingdom . . . your greatest care and you will have all these other things besides." (Goodspeed)

HAROLD C. DEWINDT, West Park Presbyterian, New York, N. Y. "The Incomparable Man." Luke 23:4—"I find no fault in this man."

JOHN F. C. GREEN, Evangelical Congregational, McKeesport, Pa. "The Power and the Love of God." Jer. 10:12—"God hath made the earth by his power." 1 John 4:9—"Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him."

RALPH GRIESER, Methodist, Polo, Ill. "Carriers of Courage." Isa. 41:6—"They help every one his neighbor; and every one saith to his brother: Be of good courage."

ALLEN C. LAMPERT, United Lutheran, Olney, Ill. "The Glorious Liberty of the Children of God." Rom. 8:21—"That the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

CECIL F. WILKINS, Federated, Kelseyville, Cal. "What More Must I Do?" Luke 18:21—"And he said, All these have I kept from my youth up."

WILMERT H. WOLF, Grace Evangelical, Naperville, Ill. "Keeping Your Altitude." Neh. 6:3—"I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down."

FRED R. HARRISON, Pulaski Heights Methodist, Little Rock, Ark. "Our Flag and Our Fathers." Prov. 17:6—". . . the glory of the children is their fathers."

CHARLES F. MCCORMICK, West Park U. P., McKees Rocks, Pa. "The Essence of Religion." Micah 6:8—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .

Title of sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

WE can grasp the significance of the self-propelled bombing plane if we visualize it in the making. Who makes it? Not Hitler, though he sponsors its making. It is made by the most respected class of men in modern society. These are the scientists.

The Advent of the Robot Bomber

Long and patiently have they toiled in the laboratories to produce this diabolical instrument of indiscriminate destruction, terror and death. At last, in the desperate final phase of the war, they bring it out, set it on hidden bases near the channel and send it forth on its impersonal and inhuman mission. I do not care to discuss here the ethical question which every new weapon of warfare, from the first use of gunpowder to the submarine, the tank, the airplane and now the robot bomber, has raised. I only wish to direct attention to this brand new weapon as a symbol of what war does to those who have to wage it. It symbolizes the degradation to which war reduces science and scientists. Every scientific laboratory in America, England and Russia, as well as in Germany and Japan, has been transformed into an arsenal for the production of ideas which can be embodied in ever more hideous death-dealing instruments. One of the world's most distinguished scientists, himself engaged in this inhuman business, told me of the repugnance with which he regarded it and solemnly deplored its effect upon the scientific spirit. But the prostitution of science to the purposes of inhumanity is only a symbol of the prostitution of all humane values which war entails.

The Book of the Month

PEACE IS THE VICTORY, *edited by Harrop A. Freeman. Harper, $1.50.*

THIS book is written by thirteen representative pacifists with the purpose of setting forth their collective conception of a new world order of permanent peace. Their names are all familiar—Holmes, Page, Muste, Palmer, Motherwell, Pickett, Fosdick, Paullin, Freeman, Stevens, Villard, Stanley Jones, Devere Allen. They have not merely contributed separate essays, but each has written to an outline which covers the practical, the philosophical, the legal and the religious premises upon which a postwar victory for peace may be achieved. Their dominant emphasis falls upon the necessity of curing the injustices which cause war. Whether, as it is claimed, these injustices can be so completely eliminated as to make the exercise of power unnecessary and bring in a reign of law whose operation will be automatic is debatable. I believe that this thesis rests upon a false optimism as to the nature of man. But such optimism as to the ultimate goal does not vitiate the proposals for the practical reconstruction of the economic, political, social, legal and international order which all the writers demand. I find myself in accord with virtually the entire book, and if any Christian non-pacifist will read it without prejudice he will feel the same. I miss any discussion of the pacifist's relation to an actual war, which is the main point at which I have to break with him. But such a discussion probably did not fall within the scope of a book dealing with the postwar world.

A Thought for the Month

WE who have been brought up in the Christian faith must never allow our familiarity with its historical facts and its ruling concepts to blind us to its amazing originality. Speaking for myself, I cannot now read my New Testament—the Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles — without being startled by what I find on every page.

The Amazing Originality Of the Christian Faith

My reflection on those events which centered in the person of Jesus Christ—his life, his character, his death, his resurrection— and the faith with which his first disciples seized upon these events as divine revelation, generates in me a profound sense of awe. Something momentous is happening here, something gloriously new is coming to birth—something transcendently unlike anything that had happened before or has happened since. The unprecedented originality, both of the events and of their interpretation, makes me feel that I am being admitted into the presence of an ineffable Power which is opening up in history a new dimension of life. Behind Mark and John and Peter and James and Paul and all the witnesses and writers I see Jesus, and behind Jesus I see God. Every page of the record invites me to become myself a witness to the working of God. The disciples were not conscious of their originality. They were conscious of being in the grip of a power not their own—the creative power of God. The whole historical event called Christianity is too original, too profound, too revolutionary to be explained merely in terms of the human participants in its emergence. It was nothing less than God's doing, and is "marvelous in our eyes." If we would keep alive this sense of Christianity as a new historical creation, a unique, divine revelation, we must "see it whole." We lose the thrill of it if we fix our minds too narrowly upon details. The power of Christianity is not manifested in any one detail of fact or legend or concept, detached from the whole, but in the full-orbed event. And if we come to it in its wholeness it will rise before us with each new approach in ever new and glorious splendor.

Charles Clayton Morrison

a book that grows in importance with every day

From VICTORY to PEACE

By Paul Hutchinson

For this book goes beyond the war, and faces realistically and with Christian hope *all* the problems of the coming peace. No wishful-thinking "blueprint," but grapples vigorously with the problems that loom. Here is Christian insight into the tremendous opportunities that will soon face the church as it envisions a new world of brotherhood. **$1.50**

a devotional book that meets today's needs

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By Margueritte Bro

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for every minister's wife—the best 'how' book

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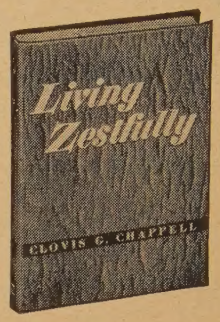

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